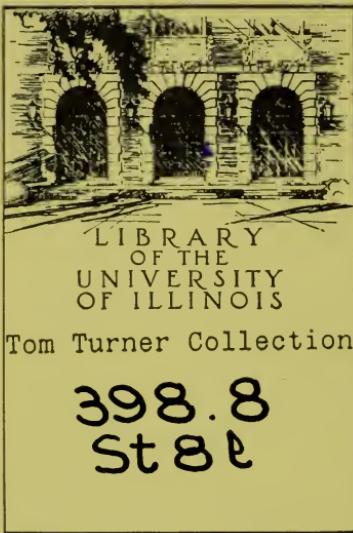




Lullabies
of many
Lands



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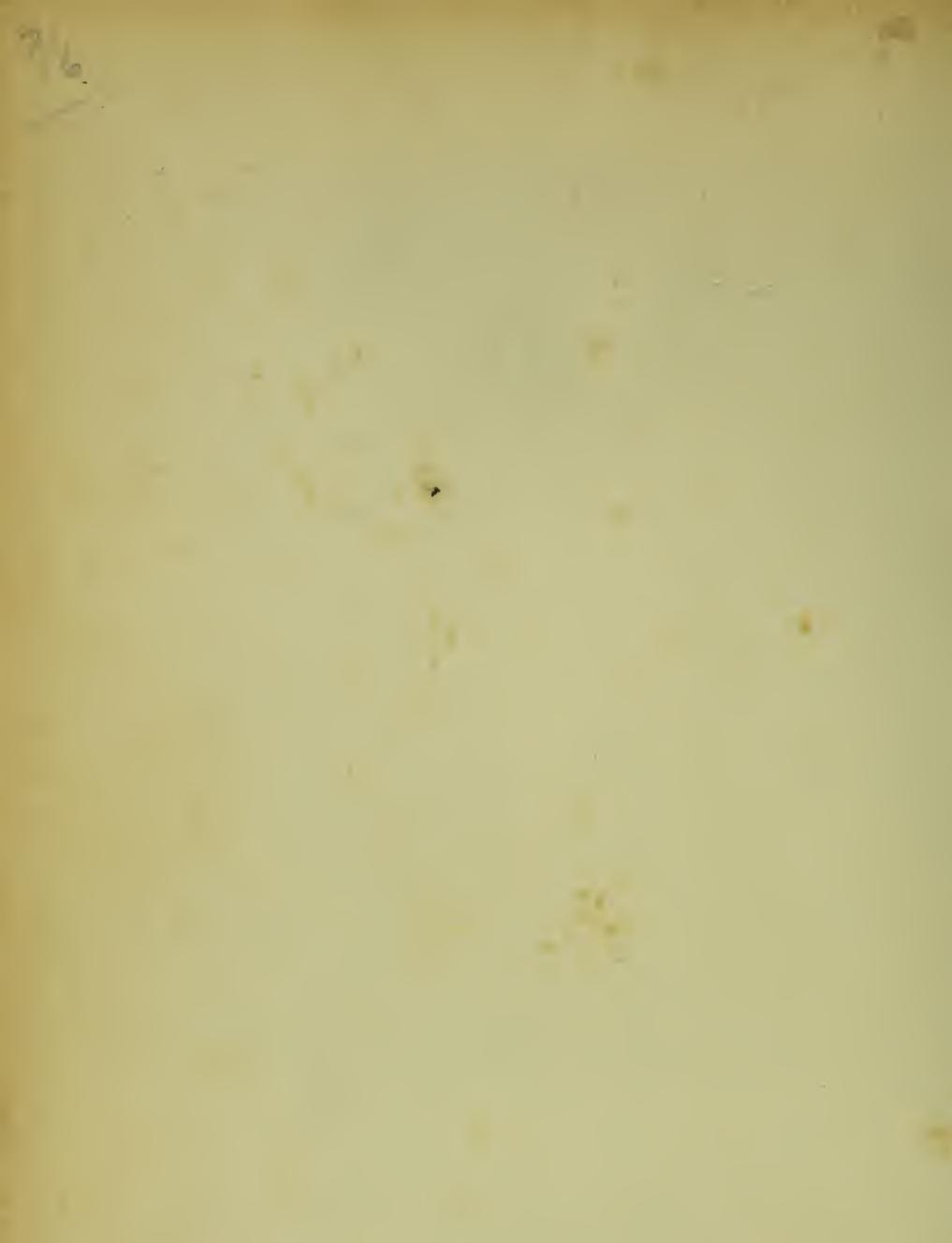
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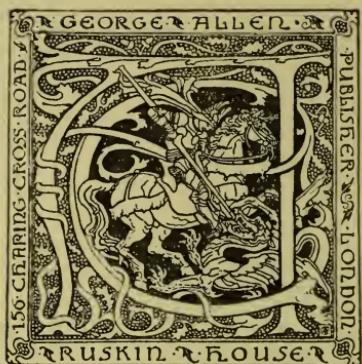
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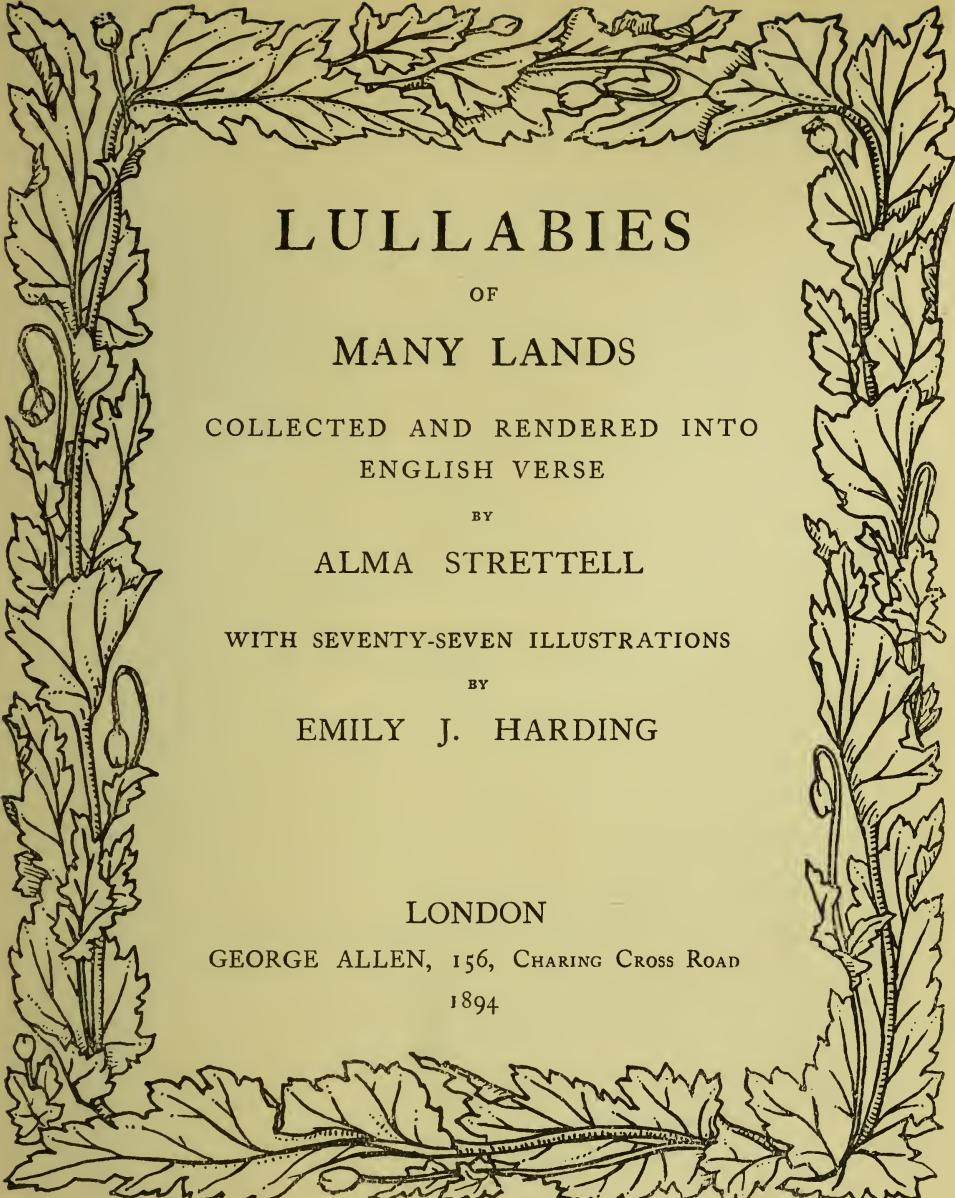
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Lvllabies
of many
Lands





ULLABIES

OF

MANY LANDS

COLLECTED AND RENDERED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

BY

ALMA STRETELL

WITH SEVENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

EMILY J. HARDING

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1894



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INTRODUCTION.

THE aim of this little volume is to present, in as attractive a form as possible, a few typical examples of the cradle-songs of Europe. At least one specimen from each country has been given, except in cases where the relationship existing between the languages of kindred nationalities might be found to impart a monotonous similarity to their folk-songs. For these lullabies are chiefly folk-songs, in use among peasants; in some cases, indeed, they are by well-known poets, but have either passed into general use, or seem, by their beauty and quaintness, to merit a place in this selection. The ancient English and Latin religious lullabies are taken from old collections; they were probably used as carols, or sung at the "Presepii," or representations of the Holy Child in the Manger at Bethlehem, which are still to be seen in the Roman Catholic churches of southern Europe at Christmas-time.

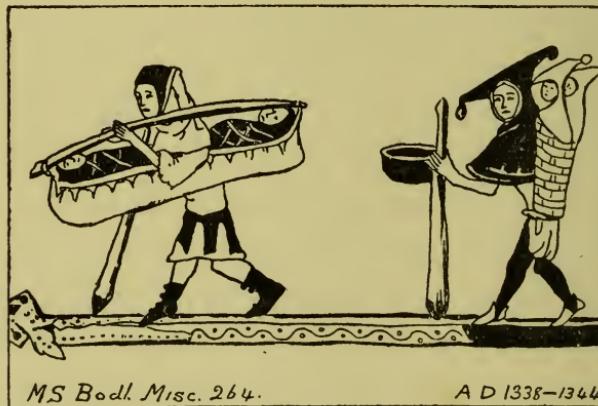
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269539. *lullabies* 1954

For many of the foreign cradle-songs we are indebted to the kind researches of friends.

Great pains have been taken to make the illustrations as appropriate in character, and as true to local colour, as possible.

The musical side of the songs it has not been sought to present; partly because examples of this have already been brought before the public, and partly because many of these lullabies are sung to primitive and monotonous chants, so that the words would often seem more worthy of notice than the music.

ALMA STRETTELL.



MS Bodl. Misc. 264.

A.D. 1338-1344



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Denmark



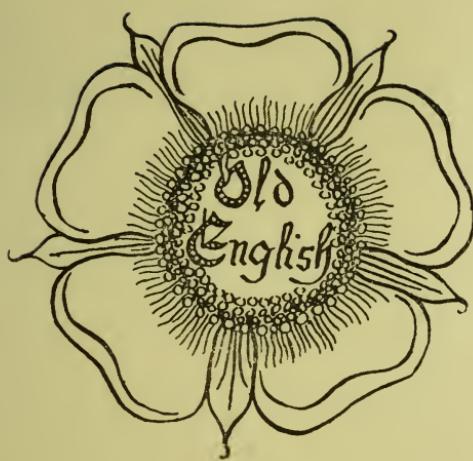
B

DENMARK.

NOW sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep,
Come shut your eyelids to !
Our Father God, in Heaven above,
Will keep safe guard o'er you.

He sends His angels down to stand
About your cradle near ;
Then, baby, shut your eyes in peace,
God's eyes are open, dear.

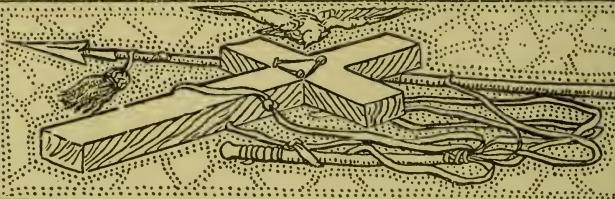




Old Lullaby Of The Virgin

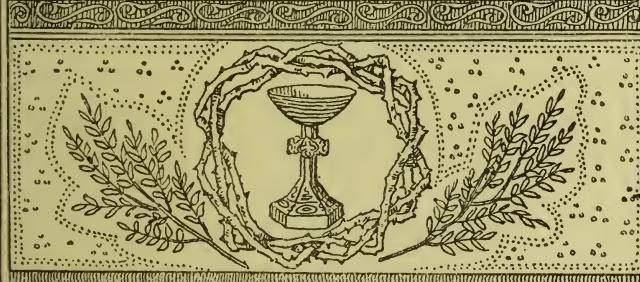
temp. Henry 4^r

Lullay lullay lytel child myn ondere fode
How xalt thou suffer in be nayed on the rode
So blessed be the time
Lullay lullay lytel child myn ondere swete
How xalt thou suffer in the scharpe spere to thy berte
So blessed be the time
Lullay lullay izinge all for thi sake
Many on is the scharpe scourf thi body isschape
So blessed is the time





Lullay lullay lytel child sayre happy is the besalle
How xall thou sufferin be to drinke ezyll and galle
So blessed be the tyme.
Lullay lullay lytel child i singe al beforne
How xall thou sufferin the scharpe garlond of horn
So blessed be the tyme.
Lullay lullay lytel child grey wepe thou go sore
Thou art boþin God & man great woldyst thou be more
So blessed be the tyme.



OLD ENGLISH.

LULLAY, lullay ! lytel child, myn owyn dere fode ;
How xalt Thou sufferin be nayled on the rode,
So blyssid be the time.

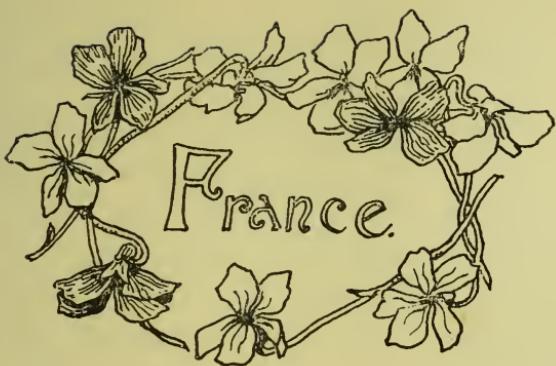
Lullay, lullay ! lytel child, myn owyn dere smerte ;
How xalt Thou sufferin the scharpe spere to Thi herte ?
So blyssid be the time !

Lullay, lullay ! lytel child—I synge all for Thi sake ;
Many on is the scharpe schour to Thi body is schape.
So blyssid be the time !

Lullay, lullay ! lytel child, fayre happis The befallie ;
How xalt Thou sufferin to drynke ezyl and galle ?
So blyssid be the time !

Lullay, lullay ! lytel child, I synge al beforne ;
How xalt Thou sufferin the scharpe garlond of thorn ?
So blyssid be the time !

Lullay, lullay ! lytel child, gwy wepy Thou so sore ?
Thou art bothin God and man, gwat woldyst Thou be
more ?
So blyssid be the time !



FRANCE.

FOOLISH Wide-Eyes ! Lullaby !
Now, Saint Catherine, draw nigh,
Put to sleep my little one
Till her fifteenth year be done !
When the fifteen years are sped,
Then my daughter must be wed !





GERMANY.

HIGH up on the mountain the wind bloweth wild,
There sitteth Our Lady and rocketh her Child.
Her snow-white hand rocks the cradle high,
Nor needs she a cord to rock it by.

Come, Sleep draws near,
Sleep, baby dear !







GREECE.

NOW may'st thou take sweet sleep, my babe, now
may'st thou go to sleep ;
The Holy Virgin and the Christ be near thee night
and day ;
The Holy Virgin and the Christ, and great St. John, too,
keep
Their watch upon thy life, and take thy every pain
away.
I'll give thee Chios—if thou sleep—with many a lemon-
tree,
Yea, Venice with her florins too, that thou may'st rule
them all ;
And if thou sleep, belovèd babe, I'll give thee townships
three,
Three townships and three villages, yea, and three
churches small ;
That in the villages may'st dine, and sleep in these thy
towns,
And to thy little churches go, to hear while mass be said.

The sun doth on the mountains sleep, the partridge on
the downs,

The goose upon the shore, the child here in his cradle-
bed.

Come, Sleep, come rock it gently,

Till slumb'ring sweet it lies;

Come, Sleep, great Sleep and mighty,
That closest childrens' eyes.

Come, Sleep, come take it from me,

Hence to the gardens bear,

And fill its lap with roses

Full thirty-leaved and fair.

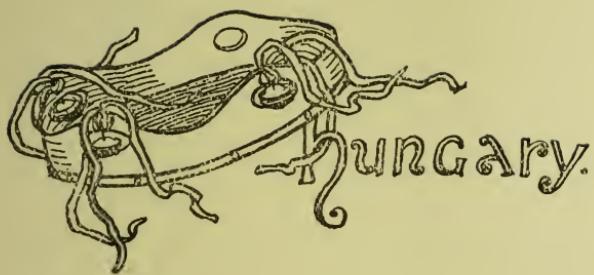
O Sleep, then take it from me ;

Yet bring it back once more,

Lest its dear father, coming,

Should miss his baby sore.

(By kind permission of Dr. A. N. Jannaris.)



HUNGARY.

IN the Bakóny forest deep,
The turtle-dove, she could not sleep,
And one might hear her weep and weep !
But presently a gnat draws nigh,
And buzzes to her : “ Lullaby ! ”
This done, the gnat doth fly away ;
Hushaby, lullaby, hurray !
The turtle-dove upon the bough,
Closes her eyes, grows weary now ;
No more one hears her weep and weep,
But gently she has sunk to sleep.
The child is quiet too, at last ;
Hushaby, darling, sleep thou fast.







IRELAND.

NOW sleep, my child, my darling, for I sit
watching you;
The sun on the green fields sleepeth, the moon on the
waves so blue;
Then sleep, my child, my darling—my lovely one, sleep
too.

On a bed of fragrant roses asleep the morning lies,
And the quiet evening sleepeth where the dusky hill-
tops rise;
Then sleep, my child, my darling—do thou, too, close
thine eyes.

In a rock-bound hollow lying, the winds sleep 'neath the
hill;
With feathery clouds for pillow, the stars sleep calm and
still;
Then sleep, my child, my darling—do thou, too, sleep
thy fill.

On the bosom of the valley the mist her bed hath made,
And the broad lake lieth sleeping beneath the trees' deep
shade;

Then sleep, my child—let slumber upon thine eyes be
laid.

When cool night dews are falling, the flowers all sleep
and rest,

And the wild birds, too, are sleeping on the mountain's
rugged breast;

Then sleep, my child, my darling, in this thy downy
nest.

Even on the cheek of sorrow the burning tear doth
sleep;

But thy rest is not, my treasure, the rest of such as weep;
Then sleep, my child, my darling, with slumber calm
and deep.

Yea, sleep the sleep of quietness, dear heart, in joy
divine;

But the weary sleep of sorrow, oh! may it ne'er be
thine;

Then sleep, my own, my darling, thou lovely child of
mine.



ITALY.

O H, hush thee, babe ! that so I, too, may get at last
to sleep !

And may thy little bed be strown with violets all a-heap ;
Thy sheets of finest linen wove, that e'er on looms was
set,

And peacocks' feathers gay be spread to make thy
coverlet !







OLD LATIN.

SLEEP, Child—thy mother's first-born thou,
Yea, first and only one.

Then sleep, oh sleep—thy father calls
Unto his little son.

*To Thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

I strewed the bed for thee alone,
Sleep, babe so fair to see ;

I strewed it of the softest hay,
Sleep, little soul of me.

*To Thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

Sleep, then, my jewel and my crown,
O milky nectar, sleep !

And mother will bring gifts to thee,
For thee sweet beans will heap !

*To Thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

I'll give thee whatsoe'er thou wilt,
Sleep then, belovèd boy ;

My little treasure, quietly sleep,

O thou, thy mother's joy !

To Thee a thousand times we raise

A thousand songs of praise.

Oh sleep, my throne, my heart, o'er whom

Thy mother doth rejoice !

Thy lisp is heavenly to mine ears,

And honey-sweet thy voice.

To Thee a thousand times we raise

A thousand songs of praise.

Roses I'll strew, that naught may lack,

And violets, on the hay ;

Hyacinths and lilies on the floor

And in the manger lay.

To Thee a thousand times we raise

A thousand songs of praise.

And—wilt thou music—to thy bed

The shepherds I will bring ;

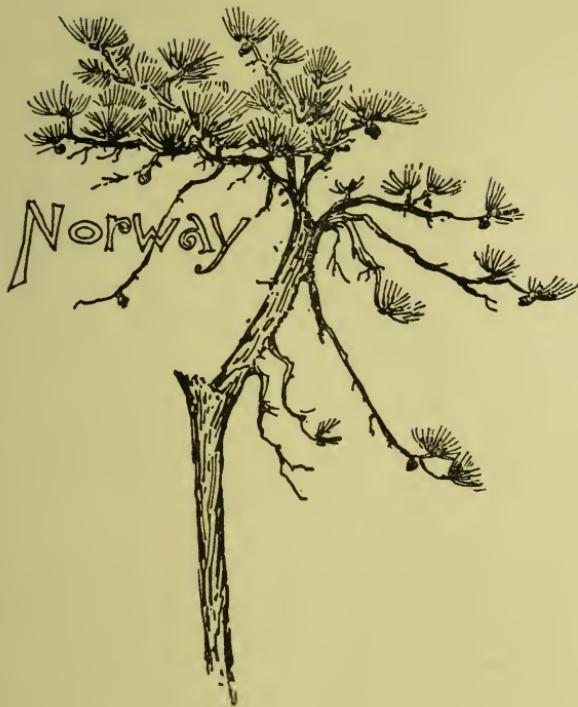
For none are better, sure, than they,

More sweetly none can sing.

To Thee a thousand times we raise

A thousand songs of praise.

(An Old Latin "Lullaby of the Virgin.")

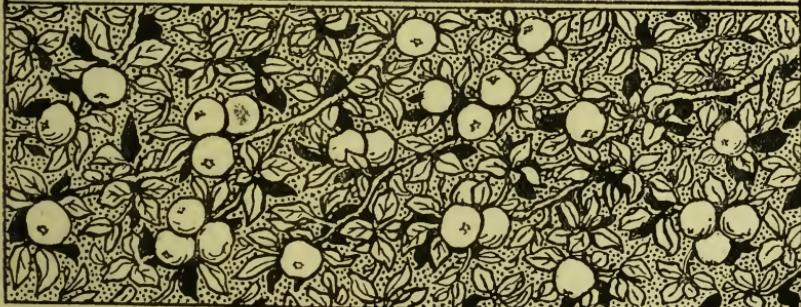






NORWAY.

BABY, lullaby !
If thou wilt but sleep and mind me,
Then a sweet cake I will find thee.
If there be no cake at hand,
I will let the cradle stand,
Let the baby cry !





G



R OUMANIA.

HUSHABY, hush thee, little one,
Thy mother's own, her darling son !
Thy mother cradles and watches thee
Like a growing flower, like a tender tree,
Like a tiny, precious flower, my love,
Yea, like an angel from above.

Hushaby, hush, on mother's breast ;
Thy mother sings thee soft to rest ;
Lulls with a song that biddeth thee
To grow as straight as a tall young tree ;
To be a hero, strong to save,
As was our Prince, Stefan the Brave,
To be bold in war, and with mighty hand
Bring freedom to this thy fatherland !

Hushaby, hush thee, treasure mine,
God's heavenly happiness be thine ;
God bless thee, that thou mayest be
Black-eyed and beautiful to see.
Yea, like the radiant morning sun,
Darling—my own, my little one !
Let maidens all come kiss thee, sweet,
And flowers bloom out beneath thy feet.

(Adapted from a version supplied by Mdlle. Hélène Vacaresco.)





RUSSIA.

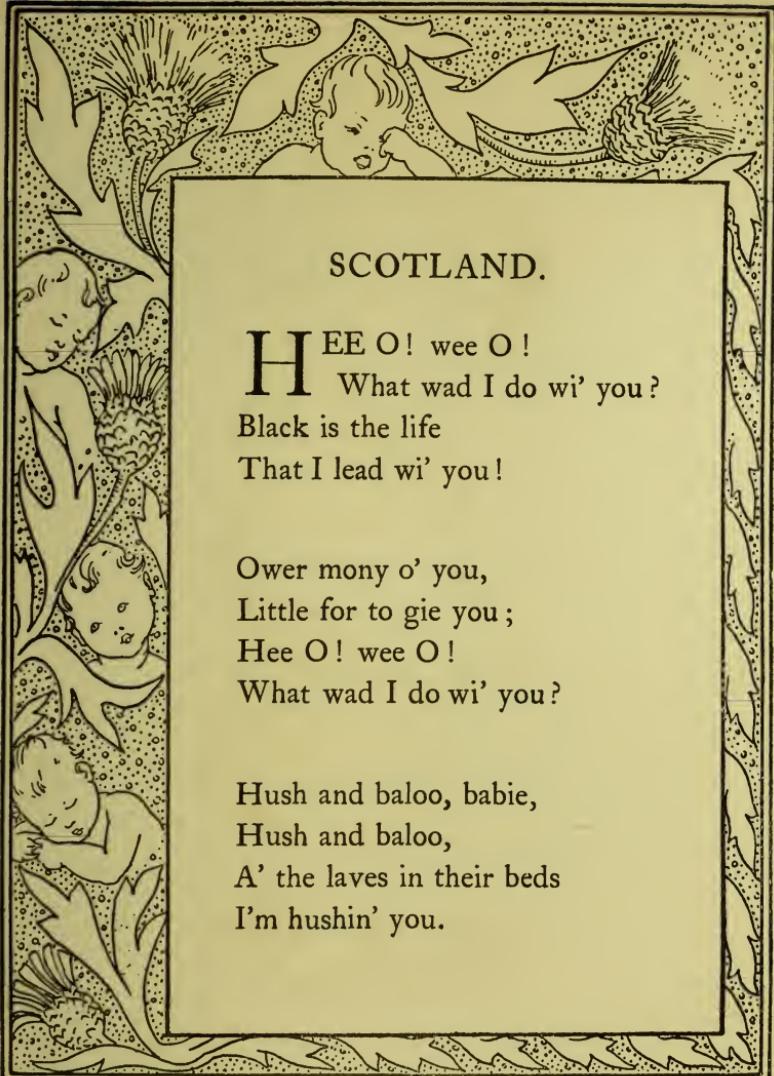
SLEEP, my darling, calm and fearless,
Close thine eyes of heavenly blue.
Sleep, my treasure; I am near thee,
And thy Guardian Angel too.
'Neath his wings unseen, we nestle—
Babe and cradle, thou and I;
And he joins with mine his tender
 Lulla-lulla-lullaby.
And he joins with mine his tender
 Lulla-lulla-lullaby.





H





SCOTLAND.

HEE O ! wee O !
What wad I do wi' you ?
Black is the life
That I lead wi' you !

Ower mony o' you,
Little for to gie you ;
Hee O ! wee O !
What wad I do wi' you ?

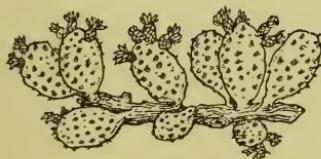
Hush and baloo, babie,
Hush and baloo,
A' the laves in their beds
I'm hushin' you.

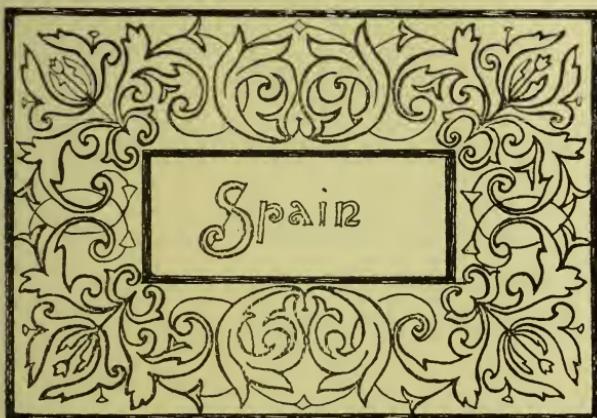


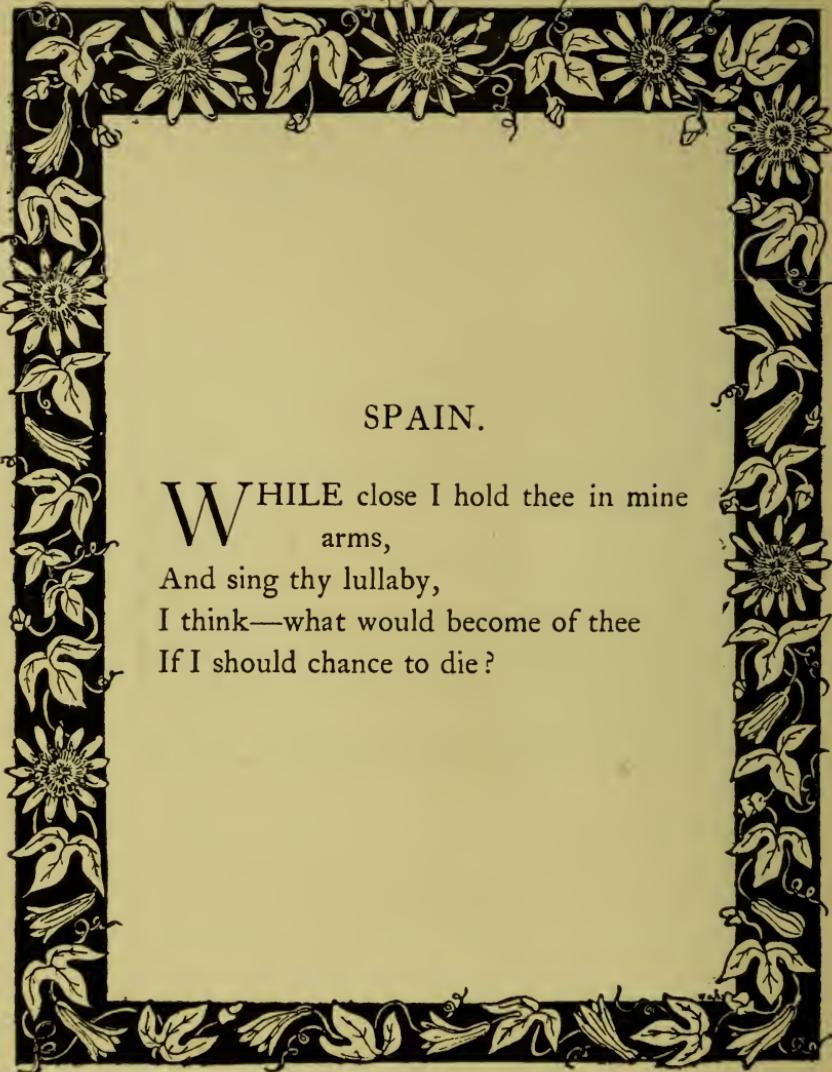


SICILY.

THEN hush ! thou blossoming pear-tree bough !
An apricot-branch from the East art thou !
My daughter, thou handful of reddest rose !
What aileth my love, that she cannot repose ?
My daughter, thou posy of laurel white,
Wherever thou passest, dost bring with thee light !
My daughter, thou sprig of sweet rosemary,
God's angel doth greet thee in going by !



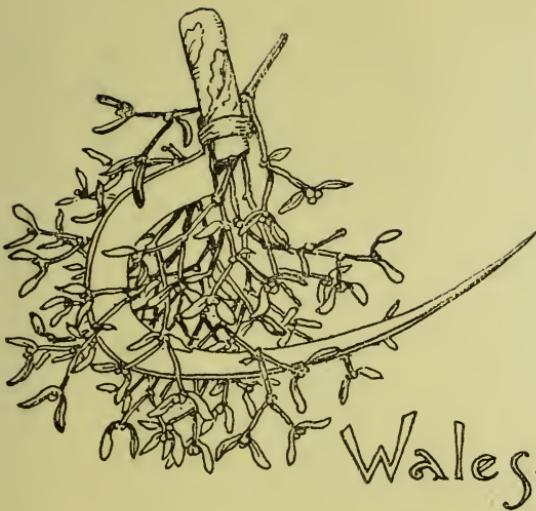




SPAIN.

WHILE close I hold thee in mine
 arms,
And sing thy lullaby,
I think—what would become of thee
If I should chance to die?





Wales.



WALES.

'T IS I that nurse the babe, and rock
 His cradle to and fro ;
'Tis I that lull and lullay him,
 Unceasingly and low.
On this day's morn, alack ! he cried
 From midnight until three ;
But it is I that lose my sleep,
 The care is all on me.

'Tis I that nurse the babe each morn,
 And noon and evening well ;
The trouble that there is with him,
 'Tis I alone can tell.
No English word he knows, no word
 Of our old tongue knows he ;
To teach my little Prince such lore
 The care is all on me.

Yet if I may but nurse him thus,
A stalwart boy to grow,
The language of the Kings of Wales
His little lips shall know ;
And when he is a crownèd king,
Though I forgotten be,
Oh, let him mind the Land of Leeks,
The land so dear to me !

(This Cradle-song is supposed to have been sung for the first
English Prince of Wales.)



ROCK-A-BYE BABY THY CRADLE

 MAY IS GREER ~~and~~.

THY FATHER'S A NOBLEMAN THY

MOTHER'S A QUEEN



AND BETTY'S A LADY AND WEARS
A GOLD RING
AND JOHNNY'S A DRUMMER AND
DRUMS FOR THE KING.



ENGLAND.

ROCK-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Thy father's a noble, thy mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King.





FRANCE.

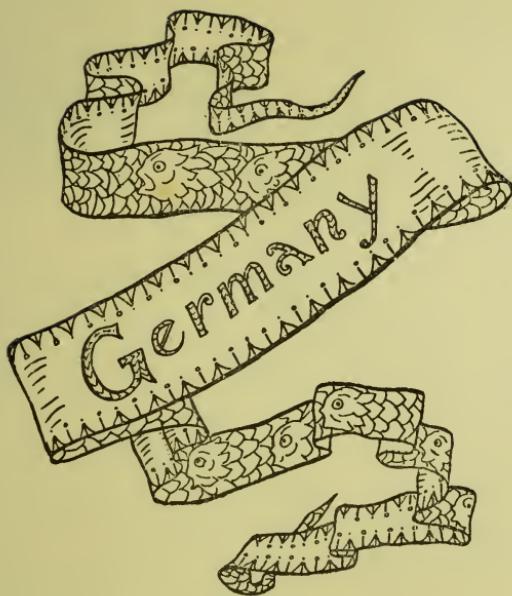
NOW it grows late—the angel has passed by,
The day already has begun to die;
And hark ! the only sound that one may hear
Is the swift river's rippling laughter clear.

Then lullaby !

My son, 'tis I.

Now it grows late—and he is sleeping too,
Thy little friend, the fairy bird of blue.







ON SLEEP MY SOUL'S BABY
MY DARLING THOU ART

GERMANY.

O H, sleep, my soul's baby, my darling thou art !
Now shut those blue eyes that peep forth, little
heart !

As peaceful and still as the grave is it here ;
Then sleep, while I send the flies far from thee, dear !

Bright angels of Heaven, as gentle as thou,
Come hovering round thee, and smile on thee now ;
Again they may come, with the on-coming years,
But then 'twill be only to wipe off thy tears.

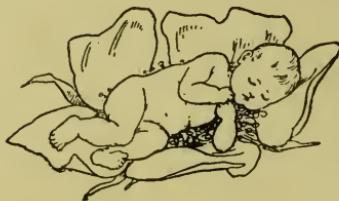
For now is the golden time, happy and gay ;
The time that draws on will be ne'er like to-day ;
When cares round thy bed have once gathered, and pain,
Such calm sleep, my dear one, comes never again.

Then sleep, my heart's baby ; though night soon be here,
Still watching the cradle thy mother sits near ;
Though late and though early her watch she may keep,
Yet mother's love, baby, can ne'er fall asleep.



GREECE.

LULLABY! while mother goes
To the brook where daphne grows;
Flowers from the banks she'll bring thee,
Where that crystal water flows;
Flowers—carnations all musk-scented,
And sweet blossoms of the rose.







M



IRELAND.

I WOULD put my child to slumber, my own—and
yet not so

As the wives of clowns may do it, as the babes of
clowns may go,

Beneath a yellow blanket, and beneath a sheet of tow ;
But in a golden cradle, that the wind rocks to and fro.

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, you are my child,

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, and you are my child !

I would put my child to slumber—and this must be the
way,

Between two Christmas seasons, on a bright and sunny
day ;

And in a golden cradle and upon a level floor,

Beneath the tree-tops lofty, that the wind rocks evermore.

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, you are my child,

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, and you are my child !

Then sleep, my child, and may it the sleep of safety be
And may you from this slumber arise in health and glee;
May neither death-stitch seize you, nor ugly small-pox
strike,

Nor any infants' sickness, dire colic, and their like !

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, you are my child,

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, and you are my child !

Then sleep, my child, and be it sweet sleep and safe to
thee,

And may you from this slumber arise in health and
glee;

From dreams of pain and sorrow, oh ! may your heart
be free,

And may your mother never a son-less woman be !

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, you are my child,

Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,

Sho—keen sho, and you are my child !





ITALY.

LITTLE son, now sleep;
Sleep, my curly-head,
Lovely son, rose-red !
Mother's very heart,
Flame of her life, thou art !
Baby, tiny one,
Lullaby, now hushaby, my son !

Hush thee, baby, there !
Babe most sweet and fair,
Hush ! lie still, nor move !
O my babe, my dove,
Little wingèd love !
Baby, tiny one,
Hushaby, now lullaby, my son !





N



NORWAY.

HUSH, hush !
Baby grows quiet under mother's kiss,
Hush, hush !

The flower is shutting its bud anew,
Baby is shutting his eyes up too—
What ! does the rogue peep again at this ?—
Good little baby, who will not cry,
But nestling close in his cradle lie,
While mother looks down at him, standing by.

Hush, hush !
Mother is lulling her child, and sings,
Hush, hush !
The bird lies safe in his downy nest,
The babe in his cradle is finding rest ;
He cares not a whit for popes or kings,
Or lordly castles, high and strong,
Since under mother's hand and song
His world moves peacefully along !

Hush, hush !
Baby is sleeping and mother sings,
Hush, hush !
No one can harm thee, my darling, here,
While near is thy mother's heart, so near !
But soon the bird will get him wings,
Fly far away from my shelt'ring breast—
Can I tell whither, and what the quest,
Or where at last he will find his rest ?

Hush, hush !
Sleep—and awake under mother's kiss.
Hush, hush !
Thine innocence still sleeps sorrow-free,
And thy mother's eye is over thee ;
But when at thy waking thou shalt miss
That tender watcher sitting by,
Look then with faith and hope on high,
Up to a loving Father's eye.

FRANSÉN.



Roumania

ROUMANIA.

HUSH thee, hush thee, little maiden,
Pink as any pink that blows.
Mother singeth thee to slumber ;
She will wash thy face, my rose,
With the water that she bringeth
From the blue spring that upspringeth
Where the sweet pink blossom grows.

Then a ray will all men think thee,
Snatched from out the sun's bright beam !
Hush thee, hush thee ; grow, my dear one,
Like a tree beside the stream.
As the turtle-dove be tender ;
Tears, your crystal whiteness lend her,
And your beauty, stars that gleam !









SCOTLAND.

HUSHIE ba, burdie beeton,
Your Mammie's gane to Seaton,
For to buy a lammie's skin
To wrap your bonnie boukie in.





SPAIN.

THE mother that had borne Him
Held Him cradled on her breast.
And her singing was so tender,
It lulled e'en God to rest.

(“*Virgin's Lullaby.*”)







WALES.

LULL-LULLY, my baby, oh, would that thy mother
Were happy as thou, and light-hearted, to-night ;
Lull-lully, now get thee to sleep with no singing,
My songs are all quenched, like a perishing light ;
And 'tis easier now
To shed tears on thy brow,
While thus I bend over thy cradle, and trace
Thy father's dear image again in thy face.

Lull-lully, my pretty ; I joy thou dost know not
That thou art an orphan—nor wilt yet for long ;
Thy heart so unspotted were breaking, my treasure,
Didst thou know that a widow unshielded from wrong
Doth lull thee to sleep
In loneliness deep,
With thy father no more at the hearth by her side,
With no counsel, no song, and no rudder to guide.

Lull-lully, my fay, if thy mother be spared thee,
Thou'l find against wrongs a sure shield in her arm ;
Thy father's dear spirit now prayeth in Heaven
The world's mighty Ruler to guard us from harm ;

Yea, asketh me too
To shelter thee true,

Like an angel to nurse thee beneath Heaven's eyes ;
Oh, lully !—ere long we shall lie where he lies !

Lull-lully—without there the rough wind blows colder,
And thick in the moonlight the frost spreads a shroud ;
But yonder, my Gwen, there's a beautiful Canaan
For us the forlorn—without darkness or cloud.

Of that Country all bright
We will dream through this night ;
Oh, could we but go there to wander, set free,
Yea, go while we dream of the dawn that shall be !

(“The Widow's Lullaby.” By Penor, from Pentre, Swansea.
Popular in mining districts where the men often lose their lives.)





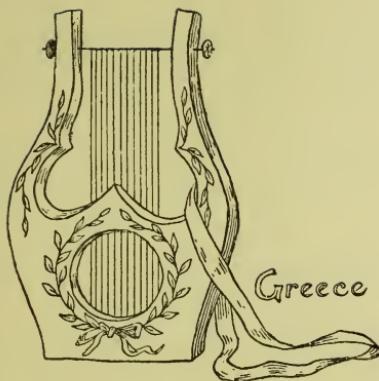
ENGLAND.

SWEET baby, sleep ! What ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep,
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear ?
What thing to thee can mischief do ?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy spouse thy Mother too.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

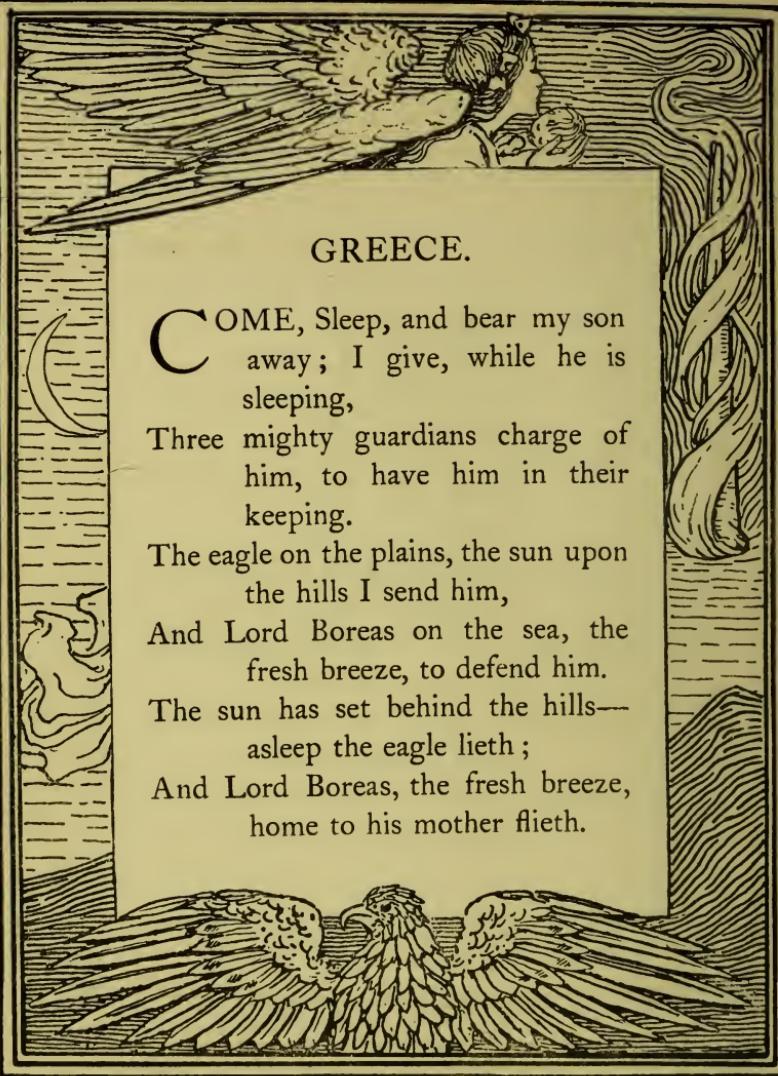
While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be ;
Thy eldest brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

(G. Wither, 1588-1667.)



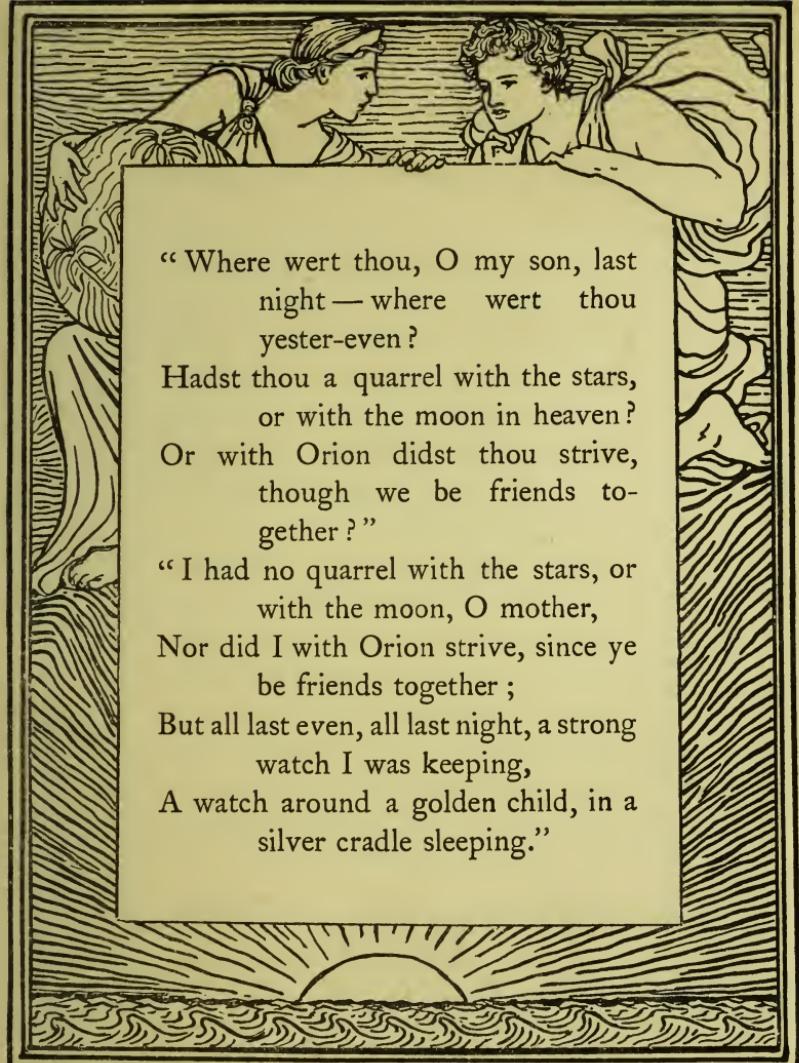
Greece

Q



GREECE.

COME, Sleep, and bear my son away ; I give, while he is sleeping,
Three mighty guardians charge of him, to have him in their keeping.
The eagle on the plains, the sun upon the hills I send him,
And Lord Boreas on the sea, the fresh breeze, to defend him.
The sun has set behind the hills—
asleep the eagle lieth ;
And Lord Boreas, the fresh breeze, home to his mother fieth.



“ Where wert thou, O my son, last
night — where wert thou
yester-even ?

Hadst thou a quarrel with the stars,
or with the moon in heaven ?
Or with Orion didst thou strive,
though we be friends to-
gether ? ”

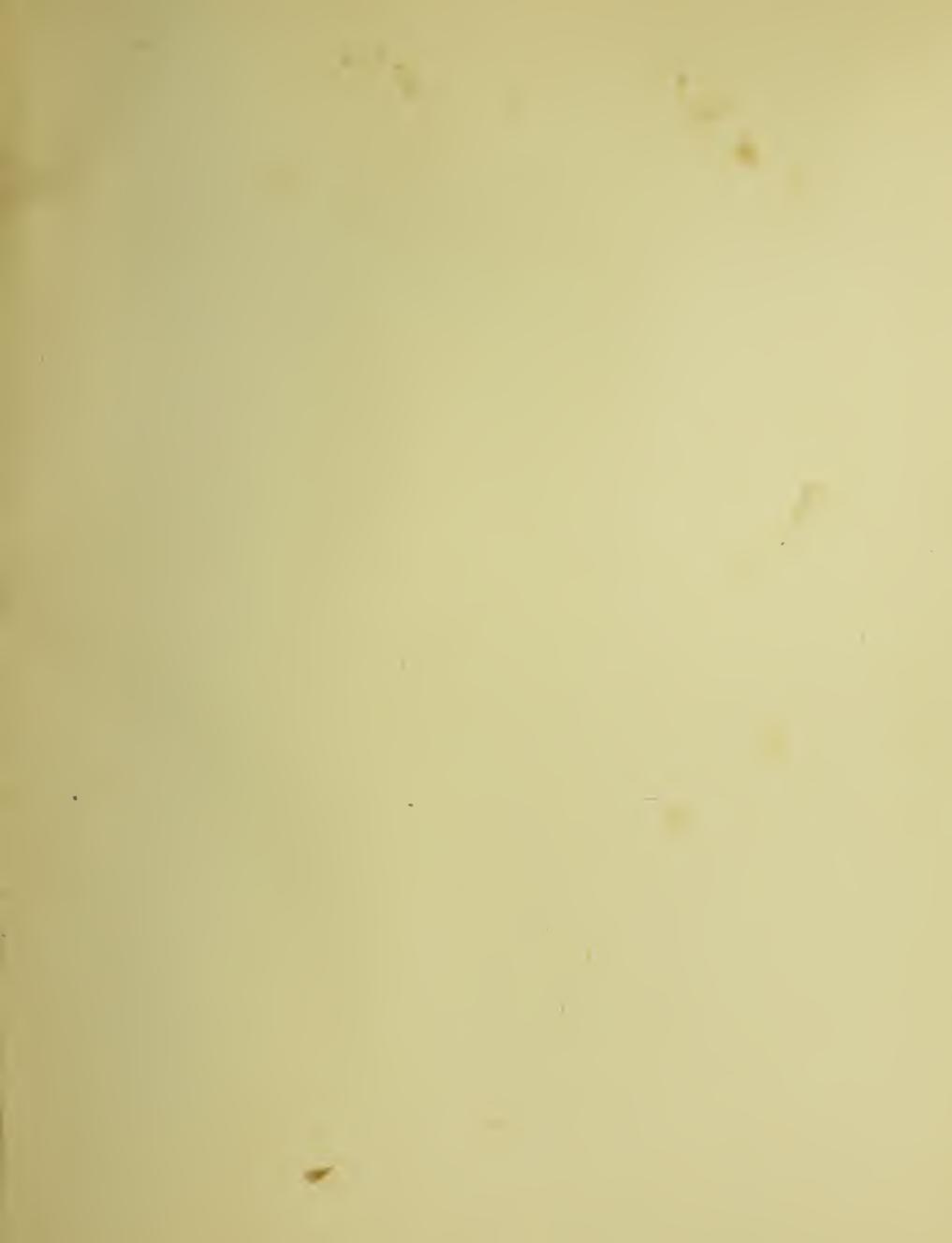
“ I had no quarrel with the stars, or
with the moon, O mother,
Nor did I with Orion strive, since ye
be friends together ;
But all last even, all last night, a strong
watch I was keeping,
A watch around a golden child, in a
silver cradle sleeping.”



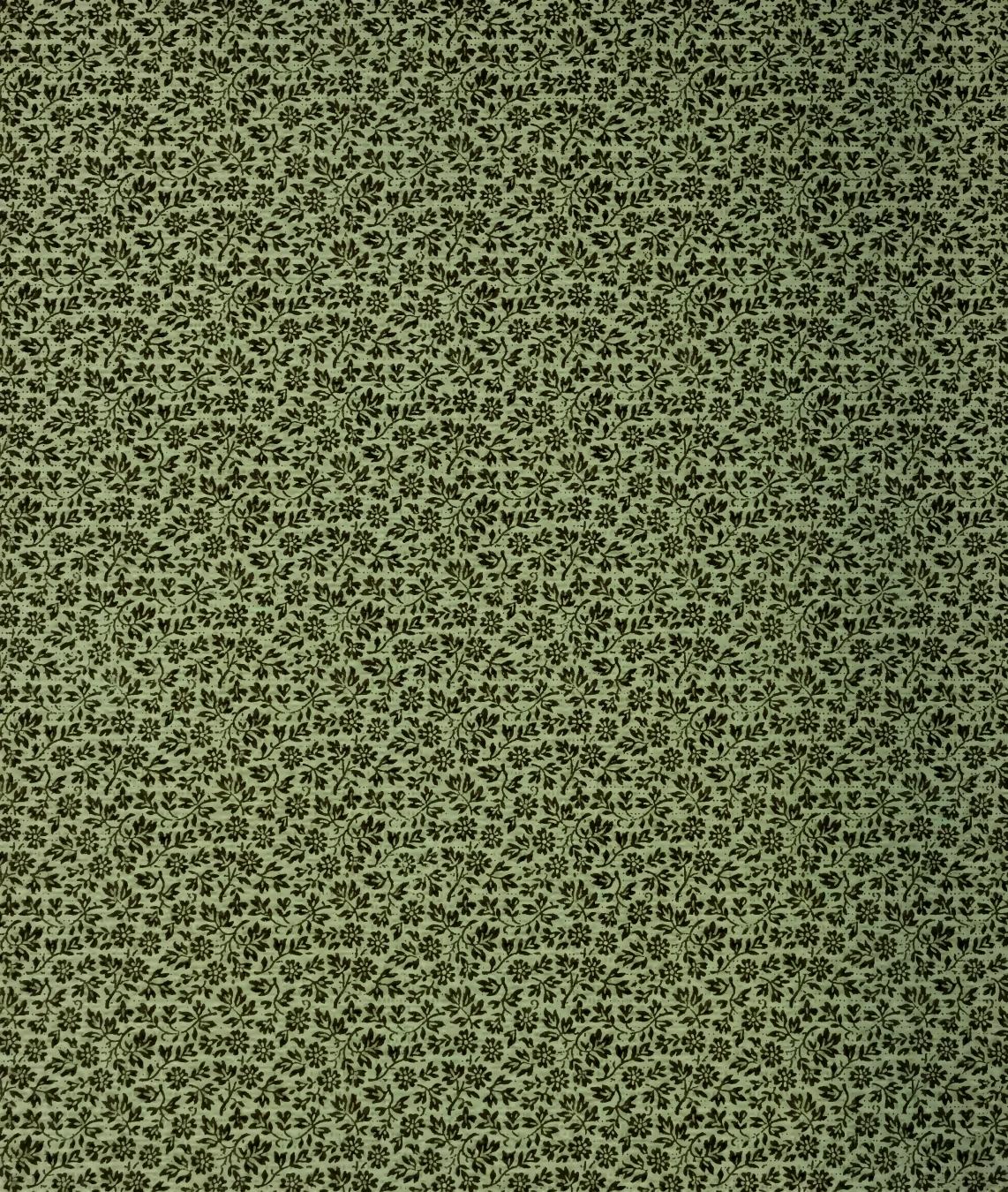


SPAIN.

THE rose-buds all are sleeping
On the rose-bush at the gate;
Then sleep thou too, my treasure,
Sleep, son, for it is late.
Now hush thee, hush, and quiet lie;
Star of the morning, lullaby !

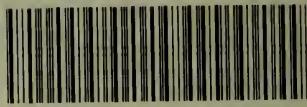








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